Progress Written on Our Brow.

# THE LOINGS OF A DECADE

In the clothing business as in everything, combination and concentration are leading the way. The great concerns absorb the finest talent, buy things at first hand, make them at bottom cost, and are taking the trade. The best cutting talent in the two hemispheres to-day is in the employ of

# Mammoth Factories Like The When

Not only this, but handling whole bolts of cloth where a single firm will handle one pattern it pays to do them well, and the \$10 Suit now has ALL THE STYLE AND FINISH that was formerly given only to the finest fabrics. The best workmanship is employed, and the result is that the well-dressed man of to-day gets his clothes from establishments like THE WHEN.

### TOUGH ON THE TAILORS!

It is so. But it can't be helped. No halt to progress.

### CAPITAL! ENERGY!

You can't stop it! These things combined will turn out clothes for the million cheaper than the single hand-worker can do it, while close margin each year makes the work better. WE'LL PUT OUR SUITS ONE-THIRD CHEAPER ALONGSIDE ANY MERCHANT TAILOR WORK.

### HATS AND FURNISHINGS

In these things, too, the great stride taken by THE WHEN is as well known. Wholesale prices! Unparalleled success!

> Those who came come all the more; Those come who never came before.

What THE WHEN keeps: Pace with the spirit of the age. Catch on?

# A Startling Sale

Frocks, Cutawa's shapes.

Owing to the dullness of the season, we have accepted the These suitsare opportunity to buy a large lot of strictly all-wool Cassi- in rich, solid colmere Suits at such prices that we must sell them rapidly. To stripes, checks, any profession, do this we propose for TWO WEEKS ONLY to give unhearding. Our graid of bargains. We will sell them at showing includes

and Sacks in all of the newest and most fashionable shapes A SUIT.

These goods are ors, dark effects, handsome mixtures and stylish spring shades.

This sale will positively last but two weeks; all of these suits not sold within that time will be placed at regular prices, \$12 and \$15.

At no time, not even in broken sizes at the end of the season, have goods been offered so cheap.

Five cases have been received by express and will be opened to-morrow morning. Our store will not be open until 9 a.m. on Monday, in order to give us time to arrange these goods.

No small culled stock. More than fifty different patterns to select from and every suit guaranteed worth \$12 to \$15, or money refunded. These are

## RIDICULOUSLY LOW PRICES

And no one should neglect to take advantage of them. Come early. Sale begins on Monday morning at 9 o'clock.

# Original

5 and 7 West Washington Street.

A SUCCESSFUL "JUDGE."

Mr. W. J. Arkell, Proprietor of an American and a Republican Picture Faper.

NEW YORK, May 26 .- One of the most famil-

Special to the Indianapolis Journes

iar figures in New York these days is that of an undersized man, with a jolly round face, eyes like a ferret's and a stocky form. His name is W. J. Arkell. He is the proprietor of the Albany Journal and Judge, both of which are coining money rapidly. Arkell is thirty-six years old. Energy is stamped on every feature. He is a son of ex-State Senator Arkell, of the Saratogs and Montgomery district. Senator Arkell is one of the wealtiest and most successful business men of that portion of the State. He is a manufacturer of paper bags. He has invented several new kinds of flour bags, of which he holds the patents. The factory, which 15 a very large one, 18 at Canajoharie and Senator Arkell's house there one of the handsomest in the State. Most of the prominent politicians of the Republican party in this State have been regally entertained there. W. J. Arkell has inherited all his father's business and financial tact, and while not being termed a literary man, he is a good judge of literary work. This he inherited from his mother. who is a remarkably intelligent and clever writer. He is extremely quiet, and is a great thinker. He is a shrewd politician, and honest and straightforward in all his methods. He commenced life in the bag factory, and grew in that business. While there, several years ago, he met with an accident that nearly ended his life. The bag factory caught fire, and many of the employes were burned, and some lost their lives. Young Mr. Arkell was in the factory at the time. Before he could escape an explosion occurred that nearly blew him to pieces. His face and body were a mass of burns, and his hands and arms were also badly scorched. For some time his life was despaired of, but his strong constitution pulled him through. His face had to be made up with other skin, and nearly 300 pieces of cuticle were used in patching it. Two of the fingers of the left hand were also injured. Seven years ago Mr. Arkell purchased the Albany Journal. The success of that paper since that time has been so great that he has been called a boomer from the success of that has been called a boomer from the manner in which he managed the business connected with his enterprise. In January, 1884, he purchased the Judge. The paper had been an independ-ent Republican paper, but its success was not marked. It improved directly Mr. Arkell took hold of it, and during the Cleveland-Blaine campaign its circulation picked up wonderfully. Since that time it has grown in size rapidly and is now one of the most successful weekly papers in this city. Mr. Arkell has a handsome suite of apartments in the Murray Hill Hotel. He is married and has two children, aged six and four years, respectively. In April he purchased two lots on Fifth avenue, at the corner of Sixteenth street, which was previously occupied by Martinelli's restaurant. The lots on Fifth avenue are fifty-seven feet frontage and one hundred feet deep on Sixteenth street. He has also purchased a lot of land on Sixteenth street, of twenty feet frontage and ninety feet deep. This gives him a plot of land fifty seven feet by one hundred and twenty-five feet, with an L at the Sixteenth-street end of twenty-five feet by thirty-five feet. On this he is going to erect a building to be occupied as the offices of Judge. The building will be a very handsome one. It is to have facings of pressed Philadelphia brick. The ground floor will be arranged for stores, and the office will be upstairs. The land cost \$165,000. and the building, which is to be completed and ready for occupancy in May, 1889, will cost \$400,000. The work of pulling down the old The late Mr. A. J. Drexel paid Mr. Arkell a

very high compliment for his financial ability and integrity. He made a will and left Mr. Arkell the sole executor for his \$20,000,000 esfate. All wills previous to the last one had had five or six executors named. In the last will Mr. Drexel left off all the names but Mr. Arkeli's and left him sole executor for his large

Mr. Arkell is something of a politician, but is not a good speaker and his few efforts have been somewhat fallures. His father, Senator Arkell, is looked upon as one of the most fluent orators in his part of the State. FOSTER COATES.

debilitated person are felt at once; sure cure.

### CLARA BELLE'S SUNDAY TALK

Buffalo Bill's Orator Talks Victoria Into Making Him a Handsome Present.

Notable Exhibition of Politeness on the Stage -Clara's Experiences in Equestrianism-Dainty Things in Ladies' Studies.

New York, May 26 .- Of course you know

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

who Mrs. William Astor is, and I waste words in reminding you that she is the wife of one of the two principal heirs of the Astor estate, and a foremost fashionable matron. But you can hardly be aware that Frank Richmond is the possessor of a fog horn voice, which he uses for wages as orator of Buffalo Bill's Wild West. Why couple these two socially remote persons? Well, beause I saw them come down the gangplank of a transatlantic steamer almost side by side, one day this week. Mrs. Astor had been traveling in Europe since January, but had spent most of the time in Italy, where she purchased a large number of fine works of art. These will be made to further embellish her Fifth-avenue residence, | space of the folding doors forming an inner enthan which no house could have a plainer exterior to a home of great luxuriousness. The old Astors would have built something like palaces for themselves long ago had they not dreaded the public scrutiny and criticism which a show of wealth would have caused, and they still resist the influence of their children, who | From the middle of the arched vine hangs desire to live in handsomer structures. Frank Richmond brought back an art object, too, in the form of a marble bust of Queen Victoria, which her Majesty had sent to him by the hand of the Marchioness of Ely, as "a token of her appreciation of his very pleasant description of the Wild West." Now, I happen to have been told all about that matter, and the wonder to was that Richmond hadn't dealt with Mrs. Astor, during the passage across the ocean, in the same winning manner. When Victoria made her visit to Buffalo Bill's show in London, the Indian chiefs were introduced to her one after another. They could speak no English, nor understand any, and their gutteral remarks, when bowing in the presence of royalty, were the simplest expressions of "How de'y do?" "Glad to see you," and the like. I am assured positively that there wasn't a touch of oratory about it. But Frank Richmond sententiously interpreted, and he turned the commonplace monosyllables into fervid expressions of awe and admiration, full of savage imagery and and high-flying compliments. That caught the dear old lady, and so Richmond brings her home in marble.

We had a notable exhibition of politeness in front of the curtain on the night of the great Wallack testimonial, when Edwin Booth and Helena Modjeska were called out after one of their dialogues as Hamlet and Ophelia. Booth is famously stiff and mum when he appears in that way, and his manner usually suggests that he has somehow learned that he is the greatest American tragedian. Modjeska is well understood to have formed an equally high regard of herself as a tragedienne. Certainly, neither would be justified in any other opinion. Well, when they emerged from the side-door together, hundreds of expert observers in the audience were ready to watch their bebavior in a trying juncture of stage etiquette. Would Booth "bring her out" with the air of a man introducing the special object of the applause, or would he let her "accompany" him as a comparatively small sharer in the ovation! They went a little way across the stage hand in hand, bowing to the audience, but as yet without paying any attention to each other. Then the orchestra leader held up two floral constructions. Modjeska's eyes fell on them, and Booth, following the direction of her glance, saw that he would have to handle the things. Not for a quarter of a century at least had the great Edwin Booth been called upon to reach for flowers across the footlights on behalf of a stage companion. But he did it, although I shouldn't have been surprised at a refusal. Laden with a huge flower-piece in each hand, he turned politely toward the actress and slightly extended them, with a gesture meaning that they were for her; but when she reached to take one he somehow expressed, by the merest suggestion of pantomime, that the burden was heavy, and he insisted on carrying it for her. The equally deft, ready and skillful Modjeska, by action as quiet as that of Booth, but not less eloquent, declared that she could not permit so great an actor to do anything like mental service in her behalf. It was all as nice, distinct

and an unspoken dialogue as ever seen. Nothing in really polite deportment ever struck me as more violent and astounding than something done by W. Byrd Page, the slim and handsome young beau from Philadelphia. He was at a small and fashionable social party, in the spacious parlor of a Fifth-avenue mansion, occupied by the Wallace family. Mr. Page is the champion amateur high jumper of the world, or something of that sort, and I remember to have seen him make wonderous leaps during some college games several years ago. His record, somebody has since told me, is six feet, and quarter inches, or higher a very tall man's head. He was in evening dress, at this small assemblage, and of course we talked to him about his agility. "I don't believe you do it without springs in the heels of your shoes, or some trick like that," said a bantering maiden, but seemingly half in earnest. "You don't mean to say that you could jump clear over a man's head without mechanical aid of some sort?"

"Oh, but he does," interposed a fair partisan of the athlete, and if you will stand still where you are I am sure he will jump over you." The girl in question was probably no more than five feet, two or three inches in height, and yet none of us supposed that Mr. Page in his ordinary attire, would undertake to clear the top of her coiffure. He accepted the challenge, however, and we all stood aside, except the one girl. She neld a rigidly upright posture, as though preferring to have her hair kicked off by the jumper's failure than to favor his feat by crouching in the least. Page took a start at the extreme rear of the long parlor, ran nimbly forward, sprang into the air just before reaching the human hurdle, went over her head without a touch and struck lightly on his feet. How was

that for a parlor incident? A whim of our girls is to drink milk. Doubtless they have borrowed this habit from their masculine friends, who, I am told, have taken to the lacteal beverage, even in bar-rooms. Several dudes of potent influence among their kind. proud of being used up by a winter of alcoholic dissipation, swore off a month or so ago, and have since been ordering plain milk across the bars. Occasionally they say to the bartender. "Just a sprinkle of rum, or a spatter of gin. meaning that they wish a few drops only of houor put into a glass of pure milk. The girls have caught on to the notion, and, when they stand in front of the elaborate soda-water counters, where they formerly ordered distinctly alcoholic mixtures, they now demand the una-dulterated yield of the cow. They affect to be dissipated by a long season of social gayety, not unmixed with champagne, and they are bringing themselves round, if not making themselves plump, by drinking milk.

A girl who once yielded to a temptation to flirt "just a little" on a steamboat, and then found that her subject was a tipsy man, who insisted upon at once pressing an acquaintance with a maudlin speech, confided to me afterward that, in flirting, "the first step is the easiest one." I found the same thing true of horseback riding. It was easier to buy a course of twenty admissions to a riding academy than anything else in the experience. But equestrianism is the fad of fads, and worth knowing about. The proprietor of the ecademy was easily led to give the name and address of one of the tailors who makes the wall paper suits, as the ladies "call them, that fit like jerseys, and are posi-

called the masculine order of babits rather than to what a lady would naturally choose. Do you know how a sausage feels in its skin! Did you ever enjoy the sensation of being melted up and poured into a suit of clothes, with your chin pointed at all the church steeples, and the nerves pressed out of your arms, so that they hang like two doll's arms, wagging to and fro stiffly on joints that needed loosening! That is how I felt in the new habit. I got it yesterday and went for my first ride. "Soopub? You ride immense!" the English master kept saying to me. Ob, how dearly I would love to have a newspaper print what I think of him, and of horseback riding, and of the world in general to-day. "You will be a bit uncomfortable to-morrow," said he: "and you must be certain to come up and ride it orf. The second day cures the first, don't you know?" the ninny added, as I dismounted. Instead of rid-ing it off I am sested on a pillow, leaning against a pillow and gasping out the sentences of this story to a friend to write down, between the shoots and darts of mortal agony that leap through every inch of me that was jostled, twisted and shaken and pounded on that horse. But I will master the fad. What is pain and

There are many odd things in ladies' studios. Perhaps the most so is a pile of grinning skulls lighted by phosphoresence, forming the base of a candlestick of carved bone. A thoroughly distinctive room is that of two girl triends who are interested in carving and painting. The square trance to the studio is converted into an arch by the carver's art. The oaken side-casings are supports for the woodbine, with its graceful leaves and berries carved in bold relief and clambering up until the twisted branches curve themselve into an arch overhead. a bird's nest with moss clinging here and there and an oriole perched on the vine above the nest. Over the doorway and down the sides long strips of glass are inserted, and over head the blue sky, a few fleecy clouds and a flying oriole are painted. At the sides slender trees are traced, and the effect produced is that of looking through a trellis into a garden beyond. Entering the door on each side are carved rustic seats. On the back of one is perched a squirrel action. Well educated, well startlingly lifelike. In an angle of the back of not much of a musician but the other seat a bird has built its nest and laid some tiny eggs. The fireplace is very quaint, on each side a tree-trunk springs up and reaches out its branches as support for the mantel. Similar branches shoot up and hold the shelves above, and leaves and twigs curve about the oval mirror in the center. Over the whole mantel hangs a large canvas with old knarled trees beside a shadowy winding river. A forked tree branch with a bird's nest in the notch forms the top of the picture frame, and a cluster of fantastic pine cones hangs from the side. A carven ivy clambers over the arched window, and a lovely moonlit landscape is painted on the upper pane, over which the branch of a tree seems to throw its shadow from the outside. Painted panels are let into the walls, framed by carved wood. The chan-delier designed by the two artists seems to be clusters of roses through which the light shines with glass pendants sparkling like dew-drops here and there. The roses spring out from a The feminine fancy and the feminine hand are shown in the naturalist's study at the top of a

house of wealth. In the window at the further end of the study a linnet has his home within a rustic house of logs suspended at the topmost pane. From the bottom of the window and running up the side, a ladder of larch twigs leads to the linnet's house. The happy bird hops down the ladder and flutters in and out of the vine that grows clambering up the trellis to twist its tendrils about his house of logs. On the window ledge an aquarium holds a tall calls with fish and curious water insects swimming through its roots. In one corner of the room stands a gnaried tree trunk, with a squirrel skipping in and out of the hole in its side. On an easel in another corner rests a panel of wood, with a tree branch and bird's nest, which holds real eggs that will soon be hatched by the bird, that makes such a pretty picture for the easel. A little easel formed of apple-tree twigs on the mantel holds butterfly crysalis, and a picture frame is festooned with

various hued birds' eggs...
This description of studios would not be comolete without giving the secrets of a tiny one that has to be kent on the most economical principles. The little curtained niche that suggests a shrine is in reality a cupboard, and behind the corner screen a gas stove rests. A nursery refrigerator, looking like a cabinet of eurios, holds a fresh supply of milk, butter and eggs, and sometimes meat. The luxurious-looking divan has a box for foundation, in which the bed-clothes repose. Behind those beautiful draperies hangs my lady's wardrobe. The pretty table yonder with folding leaves has a drawer that holds table linen and knives and forks and spoons. That wonderful little upholstered shelf of bric-a-brac covers a traveling trunk. When the pretty dame of the studio needs a wrap for the opera she takes down the drapery over a picture, and after the opera the little table can be drawn before the grate and a wee lunch and a bit of a chat be enjoyed to the CLARA BELLE.

### A FOOLHARDY EXPEDITION.

Going from the Summit of the Rockies to the Pacific by Means of a Frail Boat.

DENVER, Col., May 26.-Wednesday evening, at 6 o'clock, J. C. and Matthew D. Karr left Glenwood Springs, Col., for the Gulf of California, in a torpedo boat. Their object is to fol low the Grand river and then through the Colorado river on to the Pacific coast. A large crowd collected to see them off, whistles blew, men and boys shouted, and women waved their handkerchiefs. They were the heroes of the hour, but many think they will give up their foolish and perilous trip before going far, for it will be almost certain death to them in the nar row, dangerous canyons, and especially the Grand canyon of the Colorado river. The craft is twenty feet long and three and a half feet in diameter, and round like a barrel. It was built by the brothers themselves, the material cost ing \$30. There is no rudder, but holes are cut in the sides of the boat for use when in an eddy. The two manholes are so arranged that the inmates can see what is going on.

This strange little craft, built for going through dangerous canyons, is sharpened a both ends so that when striking a bowlder it will dart to one side and safely pursue its course. If they succeed in making the entire journey, which is considered doubtful, they will traverse about three thousand miles of dangerous watercourses. It will be a trip from the crest of the Rocky mountains to the Pacific coast. The brothers say they are from a town named Buf-falo, Ind. John is twenty-two and Matt is twenty-eight years of age. The former has been in Colorado for two years, and the latter since January. They say they have made a stake in the Aspen mines, and now intend to enjoy themselves on a bunting and fishing expedition "We propose to go through the Grand canyon of the Colorado," said John Karr, "for we have

been told that it could be done. Matt said: "We will go through the Grand canyon of the Colorado without much trouble. It is a strange, wild venture, and if they attempt to follow the course outlined they will no doubt be wrecked in the angry, dashing waters in some deep and narrow canyon. It is a more dangerous venture than jumping from the Brooklyn bridge or going over Niagara in a

### Irish National League in America. LINCOLN, Neb., May 25. - President Fitzgerald

and Secretary Sutton, of the Irish National League in America, have telegraphed to the different members of the executive committees a call for a meeting of the committee at Cleveland, O., June 13. The object of the meeting is not given, but it is undoubtedly in regard to the action necessary in the face of the Pope's rescript, which has created so much discussion in League circles. In this city the headquarters of the League, Bishop Bonacum, the new resident bishop, has inaugurated a system of boxcott against the officers of the League, refusing Secretary Sutton, Mr. Egan and others admission to his presence, on account of the resolutions passed at a recent League meeting at the instance of President Fitzgerald. There resolutions declared that the Pope had no right to dictate politics to the National League or to interfere with its plans, and further, promised to the Irish Parliament members the continued support of the National League in America to the plan of campaign as followed by the Irish leaders. These facts point to a highly interesting session of the League executive committee at The good effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla on a back, nowadays. They are distaseful to a book, nowadays. They are distaseful to a modest woman, and belong to what may be and the Canadian provinces.

Cleveland. The membership of the committee comprises the general officers of the League, back, nowadays. They are distaseful to a with one member for each State and Territory could get it ready.

Queen, kindly, to the committee committee committee can afford to be seen in on horse-back, nowadays. They are distaseful to a modest woman, and belong to what may be

### THE NEW GERMAN EMPRESS

A Womanly Woman Whom the Germans Will Like on Acquaintance.

How the Queen Mother of England Brought Up the Royal Children-Homely Ways of Frederick's Imperial Spouse.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. BERLEY, May 15.-That the English princess who now occupies the exalted position of Em press of Germany, though adored by her hus band, and the object of the affectionate respec of her late father-in-law, has never been a favorite with her mother-in-law, with the great Chancellor, the unprogressive aristocracy of the German court and government, and of the German public, who have judged of her mainly what is anguish to a woman in pursuit of by the opinions they have known to be entertained in regard to her in those exalted circles -has long been no secret to those who have been in a position to see themselved the relative positions of the imperial family of Germany. and to judge by the way in which public opinion, is influenced in, and by, the capital, in this country as in all others. But the reason of the state of sentiment alluded to is not far to seek,

The Empress Augusts-Queen of Prussia at the time of the marriage of Prince Frederick with the Princess Victoria-was the in her ideas of the divinity of kings sacredness of courtly etiquette, as shown herself to be up to the present whereas the Princess Victoria-brought England by her mother, whose ideas and pathies are vastly larger and more in har with the interests and activities of daily all its developments-gave constant offense Prussian Queen and courtiers by the inde ence of her judgment and the simplicity

sculptress, of enlarged views and a w in partisan of constitutional governothe Princess
was naturally looked upon disfavor by the
worshipers of autocracy politics and of
exaggerated punctilio in a city etiquette. But
the disfavor which weight on the Crown Princess being due to her stroth, common-sense way
of thinking, and her with humanitarian and
progressive tendencies, will be followed, it may
safely be predicted, by a dordial appreciation of
their new Empress by the German public, as
her admirable qualities become known, and the her admirable qualities become known, and the influence of her liberal sympathies with constitutional freedom and popular progress is recognized as a factor in the tendencies of the new

Queen Victoria, srifficiently sure of the solidi-ty of her grandeur and of that of her family. ty of her grandeur and of that of her family, made it a point, in the bringing up of the latter, to encourage them, to find healthy amusement in "homely" interests and occupations. The royal children had, at Windsor, their gardens, dairy and kitchen, in all of which they amused themselves at their pleasure, working in their favorite domain as hard as any other children would have done, deeply interested in degring, planting, sowing and gathering; in making cakes, tarts, custards, etc.; preparing everything and keeping everything in order with their own hands, doing everything themselves, even to the making of the fire in their kitchen, and the "cleaning up" and putting away of everything brought into use in their doings.

One of their great est delights was to get the One of their great est delights was to get the Queen and Prince Albert to come to their quar-

Queen and Prince Albert to come to their queens to lunch, when everything composing repast was of their own providing. The gathering of the green-peas of their gathers always made a pretent for angaging their parents to come to one of these repasts, or dish of which was always made by the young princes and princesses, who were very protection succession, who were very protection successions of their flower-beds furnished a handsome bond for their royal mother, and a layouter for their royal mother, and a favorite the paternal buttonhole. The "Vic" to her family, after her marriage, all contained inquiries about her garden and its various plants and flowers, among which was a beautiful rosebush of her own planting and training, and in which she took assectal interest; and news concerning the opening of its budz was constantly asked for by the future.

Queen of Prussia. The latter, soon after her establishment in Berlin, was found by some of the stiffest of the court ladies, one day when they came to pay their respect to the Crown Princess, perched on a ladder, hammer in hand, busily engaged in putting up some window draperies in one of her drawing-rooms. The horror excited in the minds of her visitors by such an ab

the royal dignity on the part of their future

Queen may be more readily imagined than described, as also the indignation of their royal mistress on learning from her ladies the unprecedented democracy of her son's bride.

To all the remonstrances addressed to her, from time to time, on the score of her lapses in the department of royal dignity—from which everything like the ordinary uses of feet and fingers was banished as derogatory from the rules of Divine order—the Crown Princess always replied: "Mamma does so," or "mamma approves of it;" and this justification was invariably regarded, by German projudice and jealousy, as an aggravation of the offense. Thus the young Crown Princess roused a vast amount ace. German girls have generally fine "heads of hair," are proud of them, and consider caps, as worn by maid servants in England to be an outrage and an abomination and the women in the Princess's festablishmen unanimously refused to obey the order. Buthe Princess, on learning this refusal, information her household that she was quite determined caps being worn. "All the maid servants mamma's service wear caps," said the Princ and all those who wish to remain in mine wear them. Those who will not submit to t rule can quit my service. These who deare to remain must put on caps at once." When it was found that the Princess's mind was made up in the subject, little white caps, like these worn by servants in England, were at once adopted; but the general public regarded the imposing of these caps as a piece of odious "English"

The Princess, after her marriage, not only continued to take oatmeal porridge as a part of her own morning meal, but always had it served at her family breakfast table as a regular item of that repast. A small portion of the Scotch dainty, perfectly cooked, served in little wooden bowls most tastefully carved, and flanked with tiny jugs of rich cree. n, was placed beside each plate; and it used to be confidentially (and smilingly) remarked by guests honored by admission to the intimacy of this family repast that the royal hostess was always expecially gracious to those who had disposed of the porridge with " a most apparent manifestation of approval.

their own; and, though quite aware the maternal will would hav to be obeyed long run, they like all other bildren, of gan by disobeying its injunctions. where she was, in fact, on her kness before the fireplace, just in the act of blacking the bars of the grate. The three little Princases, strictly forbidden to go in to this room, without permission, rushed in hastily behind the maid, got held of the brushes with which she was at work on the grate, passed them over her face, crossit, and then rushed off in a high glac, in the of regaining their own quarters unpere-But, as luck would lieve it, just as they from the scene of their explain, they Prince's study. Surprised at seein, they had no business to be something that they would profof, the Queen exclaimed, "Whi doing here! Where what have you be uncomfortable in the them, as they stood their rapid scamper ! ing suddenly chec Majesty continued.

tle black specks on

Opening the door of

spoke, the Queen Day

her making of the

gathered up her br